

OUR DUMB Animals

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AUG 4 1958

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"LET'S SEE BEHIND YOUR EARS!"

Photo by Gordon N. Converse



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Summer Interlude

*W*E were on Cape Cod when we found we had to go to Nantucket Island to visit our branch on that lovely Island. We have been sailboat enthusiasts for many years and have always had an ambition to sail from Hyannisport on Cape Cod to Nantucket at night, some thirty miles across open sea. It is not as hazardous as it may sound, as we yearly sailed to Nantucket during the daytime and we knew the waters extremely well.

We were fortunate in having a full moon when we stood out to sea around midnight with our sailing companion, Harold, and our little chubby (she really is fat) Dachshund, "Penny." Oh yes—she had to come along—no way out of it—and we are glad she came. Just a light breeze was running as we headed slightly southwest in order to go around Cross Rip Lightship, as we wanted it for a bearing on Nantucket. Sailing at midnight in a sailboat is a quiet experience — just the swish of the water—the creaking of timbers and the occasional motion of the sails. It is also very damp. Harold and I put on our light oilskins, and Penny was carefully wrapped in a blanket right next to us at the tiller—her head in my lap. We thought she would sleep, but somehow she knew that it was comforting to us to have her near, and every now and then we would receive a nudge from a moist little nose that undoubtedly meant—"Remember, I'm here, too."

After rounding Cross Rip Lightship and now heading southeast, we had a direct bearing on bell buoy No. 7 located 5½ miles from the Lightship. The winds were kind to us that night, shifting gently to permit us a pleasant "reach" most of the way.

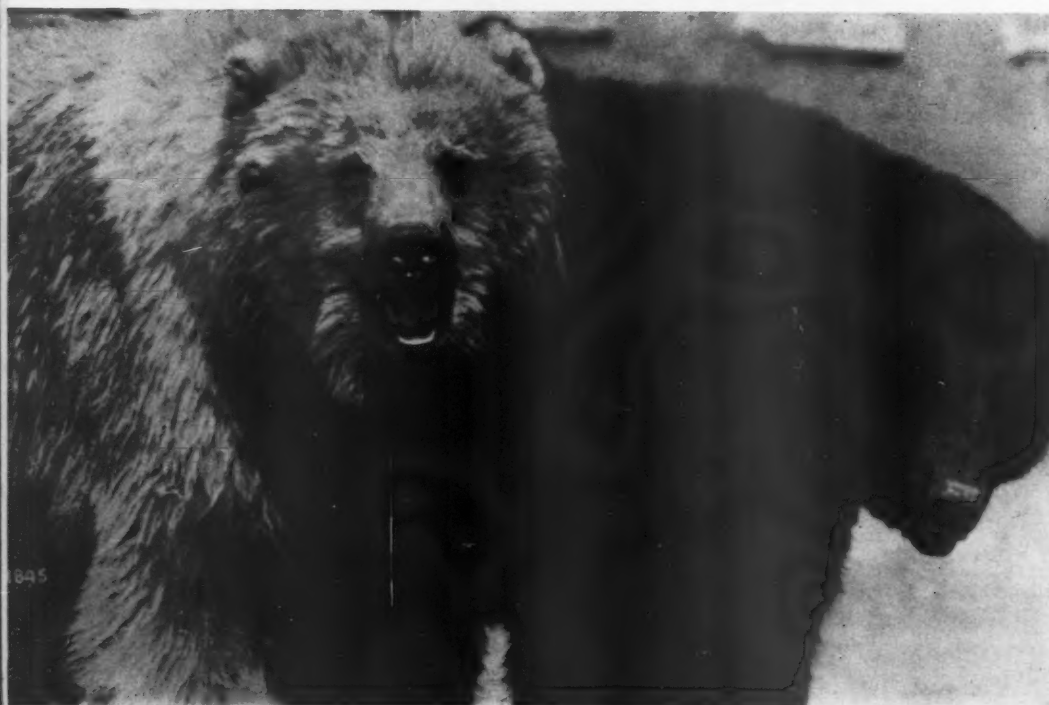
By now it was getting perceptively lighter—in the East, at first, only a slight blush to announce the coming of a new day. What a glorious experience it is to sit in a small sailboat — just two men and a little dog—and see the birth of a new day — an unforgettable sight. More and more the colors rush out of the East, crowding, pushing and spreading, and then the first tip of the sun itself. New day—new life—everything stirs! Even Penny jumped down in the cockpit—stretching—yawning and wagging a most expressive tail. A little lukewarm coffee for men and dog and a few words to Harold (sailors are quiet people) — and then we were at bell buoy No. 7, and eight miles away we could see Nantucket—just a very thin line at first—but one that gradually grew in size.

By 6:00 a.m. we were safely in that lovely harbor and ashore for a bit of breakfast, a chat with our old friend, the Chief of Police, who as usual sat on his bench in front of police headquarters, smoking his morning pipe. Then to the shelter and business, and in the afternoon back to Cape Cod, "running" before a stiff breeze. The trip back was uneventful, Penny barking lustily at all the sea gulls that came near, and the gulls seemingly enjoying the game of diving near to the boat and setting Penny to barking and running frantically and, with all the beautiful grace that is typical of the gull, wheel away—letting out the cry that always puts that longing look in the eyes of all who love to go "down to the sea in ships."

E. H. H.

One Dark Night . . .

By D. D. Corrigan



Into the circle of light came one large bear followed by another.

THE warmth of the June night was oppressive. It was dark and late, silence was everywhere. I focused the flashlight beam on the slip of paper which contained our directions. Were we traveling in the right direction? "Three or four miles out of town, turn left on dirt road." Yes, it must be right so far. The car moved slowly forward as I peered suspiciously into the shadows ahead. The lights of the car rested for a moment on the large sign beckoning us onward. "This Way to Garbage Dump." We turned left to follow a small trail through the woods. Low branches slapped our windshield as if to delay our passage, but we were determined to continue the route. Nervously I rolled the car window closed.

We approached the parking area with our lights off, as directed, and noiselessly ushered the car into the last parking place available. This was the famous garbage dump of Boulder Junction, in the middle of the north woods of Wisconsin. Here is where legend leads the tourists to gather to see the wild bears and other animals come out of the forest to partake of a midnight snack.

We cautiously walked away from the car to the small log railing where we could overlook the garbage dump, and saw the remains of last night's dinner, numerous tin cans, and the accumulations of a town dumping site that had been stagnating for many years. Nothing moved on either side of the railing for some time, although we were aware that other people were standing near us. There were no fences or enclosures to separate us from the woods and the beasts that might be lurking nearby. The sound of footsteps rustling dry leaves sent me fleeing back to the shelter of the car. Several minutes elapsed before I could gather enough courage to leave the safety of the automobile again.

The man from the next car leaned over to me and whispered, "Did you ever think you would come out to see a garbage dump in the middle of the night?" He chuckled softly and drove away. My nervousness vanished instantly, and I had the sinking sensation this was a hoax, something like the time I was ten years old and was taken snipe-hunting. Perhaps the story of visiting bears had started

as a rumor or the prank of an eager Chamber of Commerce, and each person who succumbs to the tale and fails to see any wild life is loath to tell that he saw nothing but garbage. If this was a hoax, I vowed I would seal my lips and never admit that I had been taken in, too.

We were about to slip quietly away when a hush fell over the group assembled around the area, and all heads turned in one direction. A large searchlight picked out the back of the dump, and from the darkness into the circle of light came one large bear followed by another. The bears soon made themselves at home, sniffing, eating, turning over tin cans. Soon we were able to discern a family of skunks frisking in one corner. Possums and porcupines could be seen searching for food. The scene was a memorable event, a chance to observe wild-life in the woods, with the animals unaware they were being watched.

So, everything is not always as it seems, and if you are curious and inquisitive by nature, visit the city of Boulder Junction, Wisconsin, a town made famous by their garbage dump!

Clowns of the Forest

Story and drawing by Lois S. Kuhn

IT delighted us, years ago, on vacations in Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park, when hiking or riding over the trails, to glimpse deer among the trees or in a clearing. Frequently, when we'd been very quiet in our approach, we had the thrill of observing a doe or young buck at close quarters, before it went bounding away on its four pogo-stick-action legs.

Far from wild was a deer that came to our picnic table up on Mt. Wilson in California. Its table manners needed improving, for it tipped over cups in its desire to secure tidbits of its own choosing. It scorned bread and meat but found lettuce and apple to its liking.

Of a similar demanding nature were some little striped chipmunks we encountered during a drive over Trail Ridge Road, in Rocky Mountain National Park. When we stopped to visit an art and souvenir shop located among the pine trees, the chipmunks ran ahead of us as we walked towards the building. Near the door was a glass container of shelled peanuts, atop a standard. One chipmunk skipped up to the post and perched on the container, beside the coin slot. A second one followed and stationed himself at the cup into which the peanuts would drop. Under such charming compulsion we spent some time and many nickels. Time after time the chipmunks stuffed their cheek pouches full, ran off, then returned for another supply.

When we visited Yellowstone National Park we found that the black bears there held up visitors by standing or lolling in the road, often forcing cars to stop. Once a car paused, the bear highwayman ambled over, reared up and thrust its head through the open window. When this happened to us,

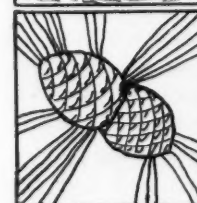
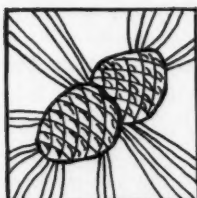
we heeded the Park Ranger's warning not to hand anything to a bear. But we disobeyed the no-feeding order and tossed a sandwich out upon the ground. When the bear dropped on all fours to get the sandwich, we hastily rolled up the window while our driver eased the car into motion.

Later, we watched grizzlies, in a special dining area, quarreling over a "combination salad" of scraps from the hotel tables. But our most breath-taking meeting with a bear was when we walked around the corner of a lodge cabin and came face to face with a big black fellow.

Recently, at a northwest island beach resort we discovered that garbage can contents are attractive to other wild animals. The first night of our stay we were awakened by metallic clunkings on the back porch. Investigating, we found in the king-size garbage can a skunk, of all things! We did not peer in; odor told us. At broom handle's length we replaced the lid.

In the morning, before we could report our captive to the office, a man came along with a pushcart containing five garbage cans. He unconcernedly added ours to the lot. This was not a "paddy-wagon" taking skunks to be locked up, we learned. The man explained that he collected garbage-can-imprisoned skunks every morning, took them to the woods, and released them.

Subsequently, we found listed among the regulations posted near the front door the statement: "Skunks are protected on this island and will not bother you if you let them alone and keep the lid pushed down firmly on your garbage can." During the rest of our stay we were disturbed no further, as we dutifully observed the regulations.



L.S. KUHN



Mr. Blue was not himself for a long time.

Mr. Blue's Mishap

By Ina Louez Morris

IT was moving day for Missy, the cat. During the night, motherhood had overtaken her in the vineyard across the road; now that the birthing was over, she was busy transferring her youngsters to a nest under the manger.

I watched her comings and goings as Mr. Blue accompanied her, with all the dignity of a policeman escorting an old lady across the street.

Five times cat and dog made the short trip and five times I said there ought to be a law against cats having a fresh batch of kittens before I'd got around to disposing of a previous litter.

I was still grumbling when I heard a screech of brakes and the hiss of skidding tires. I think I knew, even before I was told, what had happened. Then the knock I'd been half expecting came, and on dead feet, I moved toward the door.

Tears were running down the face of Mr. Vanderhoff, a neighbor, when I faced him. "I killed your dog," he quavered. "Your Mr. Blue. I am so sorry . . ."

"Not Mr. Blue!" I cried, and for a second I thought I was going to faint. Instead I walked down the drive to the road, dreading what I was about to see, yet drawn irresistibly to the crumpled little body beside the car.

Mr. Blue showed no sign of life as I knelt beside him. "You'll find a rug on the back porch," I told Mr. Vanderhoff. "Bring it, please. We'll use it as a stretcher to carry the dog to the house."

With no one watching, I gave way to the tears which were pressing hard against my lids. My beloved Mr. Blue gone! I couldn't believe or accept the fact.

Probably it was a need to do something that prompted me to rub his back, his legs, to caress his poor blood-stained head.

"It is no use," Mr. Vanderhoff said. "Come, I will help you carry him to the house . . ."

Jack drove in at that moment. He didn't need to be told what had happened. With a face as white as paper, he lifted Mr. Blue in his arms and we walked back to the porch.

"It happened so quickly," I heard Mr. Vanderhoff say. "I saw the dog and the cat as I made the turn. I slowed down. The cat was carrying something . . . a gopher, I think. When she was half way across the road she dropped it and ran. Mr. Blue made to follow, then he turned back, to retrieve whatever the cat had left behind. I felt the bumper strike something. I stopped almost at once and there he was . . ."

"It's all right," Jack said unsteadily. "You couldn't help it."

Mr. Vanderhoff left, and Jack began feeling Mr. Blue all over. Suddenly he straightened and gave me a queer look. "He's alive!" he whispered. "Help me carry him to the house."

"He'll never make it," I said dismally.

"He must!" Jack cried.

For three days Mr. Blue lay in a stupor; when he looked at us there was no expression in his eyes, no hint of recognition. And then, all at once, Mr. Blue sought water and food, gaining strength I think as much from the love and attention showered upon him, as from the choice tidbits the neighbors placed in his bowl.

At the end of ten days he was getting about almost as well as before the accident, and staying close to the back door as though he realized the road was no place for a dog.

I was thinking how glad I was that he had learned his lesson, when I chanced to look out. There he was, standing smack on the spot where he'd been struck, sniffing the asphalt as though he were searching for something.

"Oh, you!" I cried, and ran to fetch him before he was run down again. Three times he returned to the place of the accident and three times I led him home and then all at once, it dawned on me what he was looking for. The kitten, of course! With the clearing of his faculties he remembered the abandoned kitten!

The youngster he'd tried to save had been killed, but there were plenty of others in the barn.

"Come, take your pick," I said, as I led him to the nest under the manger. With a wag of his tail he examined each carefully, then selecting a yellow one, carried it to the house.

Mr. Blue lost the hearing of one ear because of the mishap, but otherwise, he seems his old, busy self.

A Blind Baby Has Good Luck

By Homer Hathaway

BABY is a part-Persian cat with lots of purr and fur. She's only six months old, one of a litter of three, one of which died at birth. Nothing unusual about that—but Baby is totally blind.

She's the pet of the Paul Reuther family, 612 S.E. 27th Avenue, Portland, Oregon. And one night recently she failed to come when she was called. It was a miserable night for the family that loved her.

They were hoping that someone hadn't run over her, although they knew she was very careful, always waited on the curb until the rush of cars had died, then skipping hurriedly across.

Baby's luck held. An unidentified man noticed her that

evening waiting on the curb to cross the street. She waited as always until the rush of cars had died down, then started across, but more cars were coming. She stopped about midway across, and the man rushed out and scooped her up and out of danger.

He took her into a nearby tavern, where several patrons petted her and finally discovered that she was blind. They called the humane society, and Driver Bill Howland arrived to find the kitten happily asleep on a bar stool.

Baby is back now with her family, thanks to the thoughtfulness of an unknown man who believed that animals deserve friendship and care.

Something New for Travelling Dogs

By Wallace M. Depew

"KEEP your head in! I need your nose print," I said to Shep as we traveled the Ohio Turnpike, one of the nation's great superhighways.

"What do you mean—nose print?" asked Shep, in his own language, interpreted by me.

"In order for you to be insured, a nose print is required by the insurance company," I said.

"I'd never make it, even with the nose dipped in ink," answered Shep, not human-like, but a man learns to know what his dog means.

"Sure you would, I have all the papers. You know you have to prove you have a pedigree or no insurance."

"Pardon me, but I would not have to have papers to prove you are who you are," said Shep.

"Forget it. What were you looking for?"

"Comfort station."

"You're fooling. But—what is that sign up ahead? Well, of all things, it's a Dog Exercise Area. This is something really new under the sun, Shep."

We stopped at the special enclosure. Shep wanted to get out in a hurry, but the sign also said, "Keep on Leash." So I put the leash on Shep and we entered the area. Shep said nothing but he was sure glad to get out of the car and stretch his legs.

The area is 150 feet long, fifteen feet wide and gravel-topped, with a four-foot high fence all around. And I was to learn later that there were sixteen such exercise areas for dogs along the 240-mile road, one for each service plaza.

When we were moving along again, I said, "What do you think of the exercise area, Shep?"

"Well, on television they would no doubt say that the plaza is fabulous," Shep said. "And I agree."

"You mean that you enjoyed the exercise area better than that nice welcome and fine food at the Plaza Hotel in New York? Your special breakfast, for instance: Corn flakes, lukewarm milk, the yolk of an egg, and cottage cheese for \$1.50."

"There's a time and place for everything," answered Shep. "In New York I was hungry, out here in Ohio I needed to stretch my legs."

There is no doubt in my mind but what all dogs will surely

give thanks to the thoughtfulness of the Ohio Turnpike Commission in establishing exercise areas.

An assistant maintenance engineer sums it up best: "We thought giving them (dogs) an enclosure of their own would make things better for everyone, including the dogs."



"The Plaza is fabulous," says Shep.



Tab had adopted herself a strange family.

Feline Foster Mother

By Patric Stevens

I STEPPED in through the back door and carefully set down the box containing the four little peeping chicks I had just purchased. Old Tab, our pussy cat, watched the procedure with growing interest through big yellow eyes. Looking at her, I was dubious as to her reaction towards the chicks, although she was used to having chickens around the place. She had just lost three kittens a few days before when a bale of hay had fallen on them from the loft of the barn. The tragedy was new to her and she was still searching for her kittens.

I left, to change my clothes, forgetting the cat for a moment. Shortly I heard a commotion out on the porch. Hurrying out as fast as I could, I expected to find chicks disappearing down the throat of the cat. I found instead the cat in the box, trying to get the chicks under her against their will. I chased the cat away and set the chicks outside to run around on the ground for a while, leaving the box sitting on the porch. A short time later I heard the peeping of chicks on the back porch. Going out to investigate, to my utter astonishment, there were three chicks back in the box I had but a short time ago taken them out of. Looking out into the back yard I spied Old Tab coming towards the back door carrying ever

so gently the remaining chick. Quickly I stepped back into the house and went to the window to watch what was taking place. Tab carefully put the chick into the box with the others and then crawled into the box, purring and licking them and pushing them under her. She had caught the chicks without injuring them in any way, and returned them to the box where she thought they belonged. Tab had adopted her a family, even if a strange one.

After a few days, the chicks accepted the cat as a mother and would huddle close to her at night or whenever it rained. When the chicks were very young and ate only oat meal, the cat would lick the oat meal and purr to the chicks as if she was trying to tell them it was good. She watched over them as carefully as any doting mother and chased off any dog or stray cat that ventured too close.

After the chicks had grown to fair-sized pullets, it was very amusing to watch them try to crawl under the cat whenever a shower came up. The cat was by this time getting somewhat frustrated and out of sorts with her adopted babies, and would climb up on a huge post in the back yard to get away from them. There she would sit wagging her long tail and watching with an indulgent eye.

Fair Days Wages For a Fair Days Work

By Homer Hathaway

*These cats have made a pretty
shrewd deal with their
employers . . .*

THE cats at the mill of the National Gypsum Company in Newburgh, N.Y., are, without doubt, the most unique tabbies on earth. Also the best fed. They should be. They have a union contract which specifies they shall receive the best food obtainable for \$6 a month, which the company pays and a union member administers!

It all started when the rats decided to take over the mill. They were big rats, too, and when they started making off with the workers' lunches, the workers decided something should be done. The usual assortment of cats lived around the mill, too, but they weren't getting very fat on their diet of left-overs from the handouts given them by employees. They didn't have enough energy to chase a rat, even if they were hungry enough to eat one. In their spavined condition, it would have been an unequal battle, and the rat would undoubtedly have won.

The Health and Safety committee of the Paperworkers Local 291 decided that getting rid of the rats was a proper subject for collective bargaining. The company agreed when it was brought up at the next contract negotiation meeting. It was decided that a monthly sum be given to guarantee the cats a balanced diet which would put them in shape to give the rats a race for their lives.

The idea worked, too. The cats are now sleek and ravishing, the rat population has diminished to near-zero, and the paperworkers have received what they refer to as a "reproduction bonus." Practically every union member at the mill has taken home one of the many kittens born to the now-healthy "cats with a union contract."

Our Deaf Ribbon-Winner

By Frank Mitchell

BEING a newly-wed young couple, we decided to adopt a small puppy to take away some of the emptiness in our large home. "Nosey," the deaf Dalmatian we adopted, was three months old. We had no intention of bringing home a dog that large, nor for that matter, one that was deaf. But, I suppose, like all dogs, he had the knack of looking at you with big, sorrowful, pleading eyes. Although the attendant at the animal shelter explained the difficulty in training a deaf dog, and momentarily convinced us that he was not the dog for us, we still longed to adopt him. He assured us that we would be much happier with a small normal dog; one that wouldn't require as much effort to train. With this advice we left; yet somehow we felt that we had let the little puppy down. The look of despair on his face rang a chord of pity in our hearts. There was something about that look which made us think he was relying on us as his last desperate hope of not remaining a dogdom outcast.

A few blocks away I glanced at my

wife sitting silently beside me. Tears had welled in her eyes, and now ran aimlessly down her cheeks. Words were not necessary. There was only one thing now to do—we had to have that dog. With a lump in my throat I turned the car around and headed back to the shelter.

We dashed hurriedly into the building for fear that someone else might adopt him. Again the attendant tried to dissuade us, and informed us that twice before the little "Dal" was adopted; only to be brought back with the explanation that training him was practically impossible. And it was only after persistent pleading that this would not be the case here, were we able to be homeward bound with the little dogdom outcast, jumping from seat to seat displaying ardent affection for his newly found adopters.

Faced with this dilemma, we began formulating a training program on a trial and error basis. The conventional oral commands had to be discarded, and, in their places, hand signals were substituted. To insure that every signal was deeply impregnated in his mind, an unusually long time lapse was necessary between teaching signals.

By and large, "Nosey" was taught almost every trick and command that a normal dog can perform. Some were taught by hand signals, others by vibrations which, of course, could only be executed on a wooden floor. He was taught, among many; to sit, lay, come, heel, roll over; and as a novelty, to walk on his hind legs. We were so proud of his obedience that we decided to enter him in a dog show. Whether this was ethical, we didn't know. At the time, our enthusiasm was too great to check.

We entered "Nosey" in a puppy show sponsored by the Oakland County Kennel Club, Michigan. No one there knew of his deafness, nor did anyone at anytime suspect the least. Yet there was a feeling of doubt. "Nosey" had been raised without the fraternization of other dogs, and

at the sight of hundreds of dogs, he behaved very strangely. Nevertheless, we went ahead with our plans.

We could hardly believe it! "Nosey" emerged victorious. Three ribbons! One trophy! First prize, best of breed. For this he received two ribbons. Second prize, variety group non-sporting breeds. And a beautiful, silver-plated dog dish with the inscription O.C.K.C. We were sincerely thrilled, and I sometimes think, he too, sensed his victory. "Nosey" had behaved like a little trooper. Not once did he falter. He heeled at every signal, and was exceptionally obedient throughout the entire show. Not once did he betray himself; not even when standing for examination.

For the many, long grueling hours, which were spent patiently teaching him, have not only paid off for us, but I believe, have paid off for him, too; by giving him a new way of life. We are very proud of our dog, and of his ribbons, too. I sometimes feel, he too, is just as proud.



He, too, is just as proud.

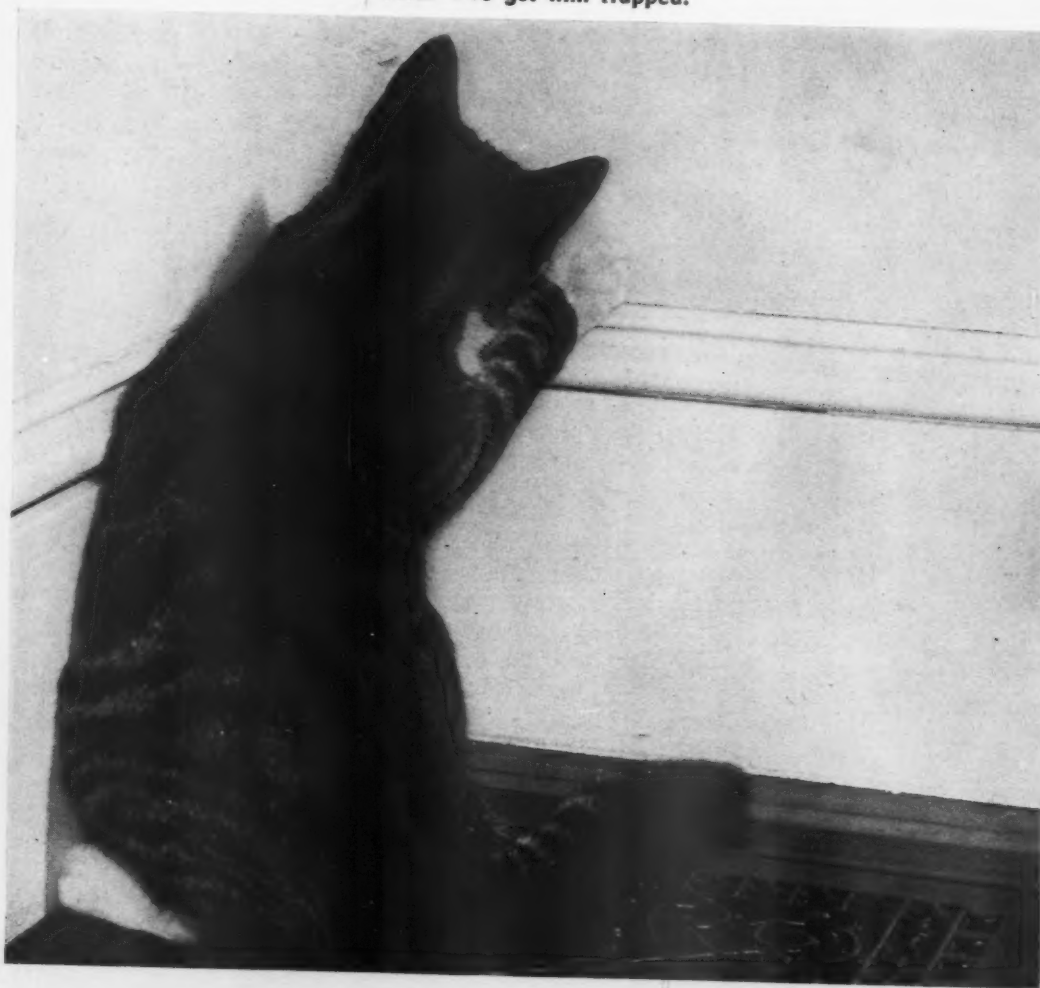


We couldn't let him remain a dogdom outcast.



Is this a flea I see? Yup, I think it is.

Aha. I've got him trapped.



Fearless F ... vs. The

Photographs by William

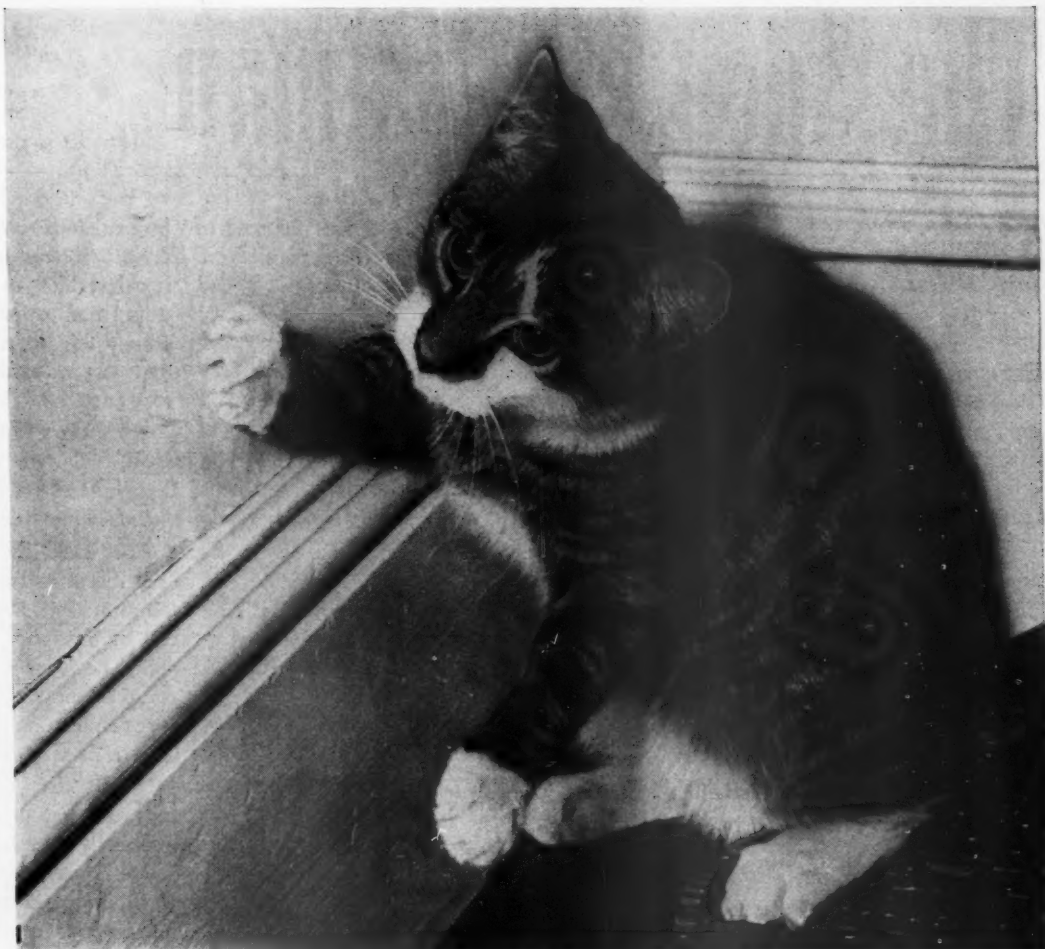
Ooops! There he v



s Fosdick he Flea

William C. Stoddard

There he went.



I'll sneak up on him slow and crafty-like . . .

Help! Let me out of here!



The Adopted Postman

By Viola Cassidy

MOST everyone will agree when "dog bites man" it is certainly not news, but when "man bites dog," it definitely is news. The same adage applies to a man adopting a dog. Such adoptions are daily occurrences, for there is an intangible relationship between a human being and a dog, but when a strange dog adopts a postman and designates himself as companion and protector for only a few hours a day, for six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year and for five long years, it is an indication of unique and interesting news.

Such a story came to my attention recently when I acquired a new address and consequentially a new postman. I found it necessary to speak to him con-

cerning certain postal regulations, and in the course of the conversation learned the story of the adopted postman. I had noticed the appearance of the non-descript little mongrel sniffing around my door shortly before the postman could be seen approaching with mail in his hand. I commented on his dog's attention and said, "Your dog is quite faithful making your rounds with you."

"Oh, he's not my dog," the postman said, "but he adopted me long ago."

We both watched the homely little dog retrace his steps away from my door and out to the road again.

"He's not very big, but he's a little fighter when other dogs try to bite me,"

he explained with a hint of pride in his voice. "Before I had him with me I got two bad bites on my legs from dogs at calls I had to make, and I have the scars on my legs to prove it," he added, "but that stopped after he adopted me five years ago."

"Five years ago," I exclaimed in amazement. "Do you mean he isn't your own dog but for five years he has made your rounds with you?"

"Yes, siree," he nodded quite definitely. "He meets me at Stop 26 every day at the same time, and from there on, till the end of my route, stops with me at each door," he went on. "Sometimes he goes ahead of me and kind of looks the place over before I get there myself. It's just as if he feels responsible for my safety."

"Well, that is certainly unusual," I said with a touch of awe in my voice, "especially since he isn't your dog." Then I said laughingly, making one of my usual comparisons, "He's just like the bush beaters in Africa that the hunters hire to flush out the lions."

"He sure is," the postman agreed. "I don't worry any more about cross dogs biting me, he's always just ahead clearing the way. Funny thing about it," he said with a look of wonder and fondness at the little dog who sat and waited patiently at the end of my walk, "when we finish my calls he just takes off, goes home I guess. Yes, siree, he's a real mystery, but I'm sure glad he adopted me."

The postman bid me good-day and joined the little dog at the end of the walk, and both continued on to the next call.

I came in and shut the door, pondering once more the great mysteries of man's relationship to animals, of the extent of a dumb animal's intelligence or so-called instinct, of the poverty of our understanding of the creatures God has seen fit to create for many from the beginning of time. I remembered an old man who loved animals saying, "Some animals are more human than humans, some humans are more animal than the animals."



"Yes, siree," he nodded, "it's just as if he feels responsible for my safety."

Delivery Dog

By Homer Hathaway

NOBODY in the town of Chumstick Valley, in Chelan County, Washington, is exactly sure of the ancestry of Spot, but everyone in the valley is convinced he's one of the smartest, and most loyal dogs, around.

Spot meets the Great Northern train each day to get his master's paper, which is tossed to him from the engine cab by a train crewman. He then happily carries it the 100 feet from the tracks to the front porch of the Cannon home where, minus toothmarks, it is delivered into the hands of Mrs. Cannon.

Spot hears the train coming each day when it is about a half-mile away, when it blasts its horn. He used to bounce down to the bank and wait for the train to pass, but now that he is getting along in years he ambles down slowly, but he still makes it in plenty of time to retrieve the paper when it is tossed to him. And he does this summer and winter.

Mrs. Cannon says that Spot first started doing this when he was a year old, strictly by his own choice:

"I'm glad he finally learned something, because he certainly wasn't good for anything else," she says. "He just point-blank refused to learn anything. I suppose if he lives long enough, he'll start complaining when the trains are a couple of minutes late!"

Help Yourself

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any. This will help us to help you!



It's difficult for a frisky little dog to be good always.

Chubby Tried . . .

By Roy L. Gale

DO puppies, like little children, have a natural inclination to be naughty at times? It would appear that way, although it is hard for a human being to understand how very difficult it is for a frisky little animal to be good always.

Chubby Chow II must have acquired a few drops of mongrel blood somewhere along her line of descent, for she is small in size and has a tiny spot of pink skin on her otherwise blueberry-colored tongue. If she could speak, it is hardly likely that she would deny any knowledge of impure blood. At any rate, she likes to have people think that she is an honest dependable little dog.

There is a picket fence around our premises, but the front gate is usually left open. One day, as I drove out of the yard, I stopped to admonish Chubby as I did so: "Now, you stay right where you are while I'm away. Don't go outside this fence!" Chubby seemed to nod assent, and lay down with a deep sigh

just inside the gate. While driving up the last grade on the way home, I was startled to see Chubby playing with a pack of strange dogs. As I drew abreast of them, I stopped the car, opened the door and called: "Come, Chubby!"

Did Chubby leap into the car? She did not, but turned tail and ran. When I entered the driveway, there was Chubby in the identical spot where I had left her. She arose on her haunches and looked at me without the least expression of guile, as if to say: "I remained right here ever since you went away, just as you told me to do."

Did Chubby get a scolding that time? Most certainly not! It is just impossible to laugh and scold a sweet, lovable little dog at the same time. But, just to help her to be good in the future, and to protect her from thoughtless motorists, Chubby now does most of her meditating at the end of a long chain, often with a small boy at the other end of it.

Animals on View

Book Review



Mr. MacFarlane and Charles Walenten with "Animal Fair's" 7th birthday cake!

MR. JOHN C. MACFARLANE, Director of Livestock Conservation at the M.S.P.C.A. will write a series of articles about his T.V. experiences to appear in monthly installments in this magazine. He sincerely hopes you will find them interesting and helpful.

"Animal Fair" began quite by accident. I was invited to participate as a guest on a well-known telecast in 1950, and I remember talking about such things as better livestock handling practices, farm equipment that would reduce the incidence of bruising and crippling, and a little bit about our Society's age-old interest in reducing "preventable" livestock losses—losses that are presently costing both the livestock industry and the consumer two and a quarter billion dollars a year.

As a result of this chance appearance, I was asked several months later if I would be willing to work up a weekly fifteen-minute program. After several meetings with WBZ-TV (an NBC affiliate) station officials, a definite weekly time was set, and on June 11th, 1951, I went through one of the most frightening experiences of my life. Only the wonderful cooperation and encouragement of the studio technicians kept me from giving the whole idea up. And this spring, 1958, "Animal Fair" (now Critter Corner) completed its seventh year on the air.

I remember that first program very well. Our Angell Memorial Hospital had been

keeping a very old dog belonging to a man who was never to recover from a serious illness. This over-fat, friendly and obviously lonesome pet I offered to anyone who would guarantee to love and care for it the rest of its life. Many kind folks responded by phone, and wires and letters came in by the hundreds—and so "Animal Fair" began.

Since that first program, over two-thousand animals of all kinds, sizes, shapes and dispositions have been my camera guests. I have been bitten only three times; once by a malbrou stork, once by a honey bear, and once by a racoon. On another occasion, a lion decided to chew on my arm, but he was only playing and there was no damage done.

Many of my programs through the years have dealt with farm animals, 4-H boys and girls, and F.F.A. students. We have hatched out baby chicks, we have shown enlarged pictures of trout eggs with the living embryo clearly visible, and we have milked cows and goats, both by hand and by machine. Once, when doing a program on that noble little worker, the honey bee, several of them managed to free themselves, causing as much concern in back of the cameras as they did in front of them.

Not only have I benefited tremendously from my camera time each week, but so have several youngsters who have acted as my helpers. My present assistant, a fine young lad of fourteen, has been with me almost four years. When he first joined me he was very much afraid of animals. Now, four years later, he not only has a wide knowledge about hundreds of different creatures, but he knows how to handle them without hurting them or being hurt.

I firmly believe that almost any Society can do a television show successfully if they start off on the right foot. I feel that we must show animals, and talk about them in such a manner that the audience will not judge us as crack-pots. In many areas of the northeast, I am referred to today as "the man who teaches us to be kind," and I am not one bit unhappy about it.

—J. C. M.

Name: OF MEN AND MARSHES

Author: Paul L. Errington

Publisher: MacMillan Co., N. Y.

SELDOM does one discover a book that provides several hours of really enjoyable and highly informative reading. Paul Errington has managed to write a book that fulfills this rare combination. *Of Men and Marshes* should be of interest to anyone who has wondered about the ways and lives of wild creatures in this environment that is neither land nor water. There is much ecology and sound philosophy regarding this one aspect of our nation's wilderness areas.

So descriptive are Errington's phrases that a reader can almost envision himself in the marshes during the four seasons he covers. He writes about the lives of those animals that make wetlands their home; their daily routines, family rearing activities and in some cases their deaths. He is a man who obviously deplores the large-scale drainage of our glacial marshlands and says so many times over.

By his own admission Errington has spent much time in his beloved marshes, studying them and the varied creatures that inhabit them. He devotes pages to the lives of the ducks that are found in the marshlands, and speaks out against the drainage projects that have reduced these birds' breeding grounds so greatly.

The pen-sketches appropriately placed throughout the book add much to one's reading enjoyment.

In some instances Mr. Errington discusses hunting and trapping and his views on the subject. Although we do not concur with his position, the book is still worthwhile reading for anyone who loves the out-of-doors.

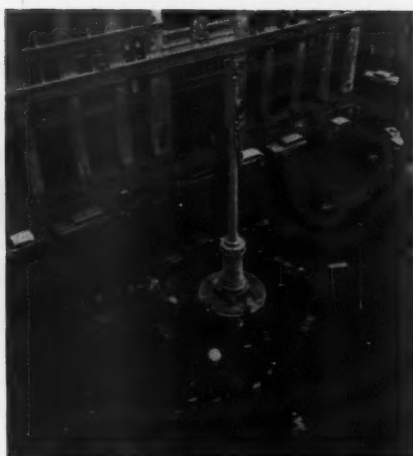
Regarding the objectives of the book I'd like to quote a passage from it that states the objectives rather well.

Errington writes: "Much of my purpose in writing this book is to encourage wider participation by the public in the quieter uses of marshes: The walking along shore or the slipping of a canoe around rush clumps with due care not to disturb wild creatures to their disadvantage."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



One of the plaques placed at the foot of the monument indicating the source of this rededication.



A second plaque denotes those persons responsible for the reconstruction of the Plaza, shown at the left.

Angell Memorial Plaza

THE rededication of the 60-foot granite and cement shaft originally erected in 1912 in honor of George Thorndike Angell, founder of our Societies, at Post Office Square in Boston, took place on May 28.

It is significant to remember that this memorial was originally made possible by a gift from the City of Boston and from generous contributions from the school children of the City, as well as a contribution from the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. And now through further contributions by the City and Society, the park has been completely refurbished, grass and trees planted, the shaft cleaned and the base remodeled. Henceforth to be known as Angell Memorial Plaza, this lovely little area in the heart of downtown Boston will serve as a landmark and

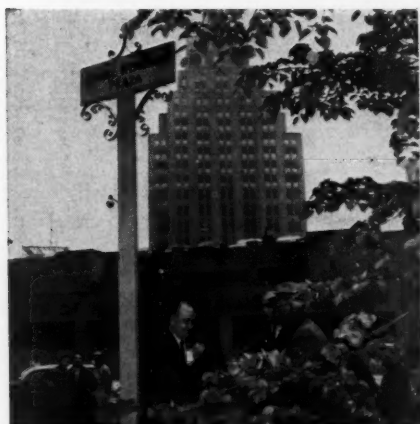


(Left to right) Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Commissioner Frank R. Kelley, Van Ness Bates, Sidney N. Shurcliff.

a peaceful resting place for weary passers-by.

At the rededication a trio of U.S. Marines and the Fire Department Band formed a colorful background for addresses made by President Eric H. Hansen, Parks and Recreation Commissioner Frank R. Kelley and Van Ness Bates, planning consultant.

We urge all of our members and friends to visit this oasis of which we are justly proud as a memorial to the man who founded our Society ninety years ago and to ponder the words of Calvin Coolidge, "However much the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done for mankind it has done vastly more for mankind through the reaction upon them of the spirit of justice and kindness shown to the creatures below them."



Commissioner Kelley unveils one of the new signs.



Officer John Gallagher of the Traffic Division.



Marines hoist the colors during the ceremony.



YOUNG READER'S

My Pet

By Teresa Accardo

I HAVE a little cat; his name is Beauty. He's got a cute little face. He is black and white. His ears are white and his mouth is too. The best thing I like about him is that he nibbles on my hand. My little sister sleeps with him at night, and when she's asleep my big sister takes him.

Jinx

By Bryan Richardson (Age 12)

Introduction

JINX was born July 4. She is a coal-black female cat except for a few white hairs under her chin which makes her look like she is wearing a necklace. She is now eight months old and measures fifteen inches from nose to abdomen. Jinx got her name from her coal-black coat because a black cat is supposed to be a jinx. I think she is cute and very playful.

Growth

When I brought Jinx home she was eight inches from nose to abdomen. I built a post for her to sharpen her claws on. She was so small she could climb to the top easily. That was August 15, and she has grown about an inch a month and is now fifteen inches from nose to abdomen. The post helped in my measuring. Jinx is full-grown now and knocks over the post when she sharpens her claws.

Jinx's Playtime

At night when I go to bed, Jinx runs to crack in the door and sticks her paw through hoping I will play. I put my slipper there for her to play with until she goes downstairs. When I come into a room she has another odd habit of surprising me by jumping very high in the air and running away very fast under the table. When she is tired of playing she goes in very unusual places such as behind the refrigerator, in the desk, and behind boxes for some peace and quiet. Jinx is very playful but gets tired more often than she did when she was a kitten.

Training

When Jinx was a kitten she wouldn't come to her name. It took several months to teach her to recognize it in the house. When she began to go out I had to teach her her name so she would come in for meals. Jinx learned her name from constant calling.

Jinx actually learned to open doors herself by sticking her claws into it and pulling it open when it was slightly ajar. I bought Jinx a little ball that looks like an atom and has a small bell inside that jingles when it is played with. When it is thrown across the room she likes to chase it and roll it round like a mouse. However, I haven't taken time to teach Jinx many tricks.

Behavior

Jinx is not like the last dog we had because she likes to play with a string or a ball rather than be handled. When the door is opened for her after she has insisted on going out she stalks through it as if she owned the house.

Jinx doesn't seem to understand that she will be stepped on when she is underfoot. When she has been stepped on she comes back and rubs against my legs. On the whole, I think that Jinx behaves well.



Jinx is very playful but gets tired more often now.

Feeding

I brought Jinx home August 13 when she was six weeks old and had had nothing but milk. For the first week, she still had milk, but in a saucer. August 20, I added bread to the milk. August 27, when she was eight weeks old, I added meat to her diet. Her meal now consisted of milk, bread and canned cat food. From time to time vegetables were mixed with her dinner.

Jinx is now fed twice a day. She enjoys catnip usually once a week. Although she is over-anxious at mealtimes, she often leaves her food into the night.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLES: (Across)—1. Sun. 4. Exit. 6. Skirt. 8. No. 9. Re. 11. Antenna. 13. Den. (Down)—1. Shirt. 2. Net. 3. Tin. 5. To. 6. Spa. 7. Reed. 10. Ann. 12. N.E.

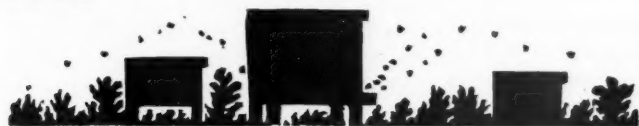
PAGES



My Pet

By Richard Saranella (Grade 3)

MY pet is a kitten. She is a girl. Her name is Glory. She runs up and down the stairs with a ball. Glory is gray and white. She is the best kitten I ever saw. She stays when you pet her. She stays down my cellar. I love Glory and my mother does too. I love her more than any other kitten or cat. The End.



A Supplication

From Flying K Stable, Staten Island, N. Y.

TO thee, o my master, I offer this plea.

Feed me, water me, care for me,

And when the day's work is done provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed, a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Talk to me, your voice often means more to me than the reins.

Pet me often and I will serve you better and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins.

Please don't hit or kick me when I don't understand you, but give me another chance to learn.

When I don't respond immediately, see if there is anything wrong with my tack.

Examine my teeth when I don't eat. I may have an abscessed tooth, and that is very painful.

Please don't take away my best defense from flies by cutting off my tail.

Finally, when my usefulness is gone, don't turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to a cruel owner to be slowly tortured to death, nor send me out among strangers in unfamiliar places, but take my life humanely.

Please don't consider this too much to ask, as I am only a "dumb animal."

My Best Chum

Grade 4

ONE morning I heard my father and mother drive the car in the driveway. I heard a big bow-wow. Before me stood a dog wagging his bushy tail, and looking at me with grave sad eyes.

I've taught him to do many tricks. One night I was looking for my slippers. They were in the dog house, so you see my dog can be mischievous too.

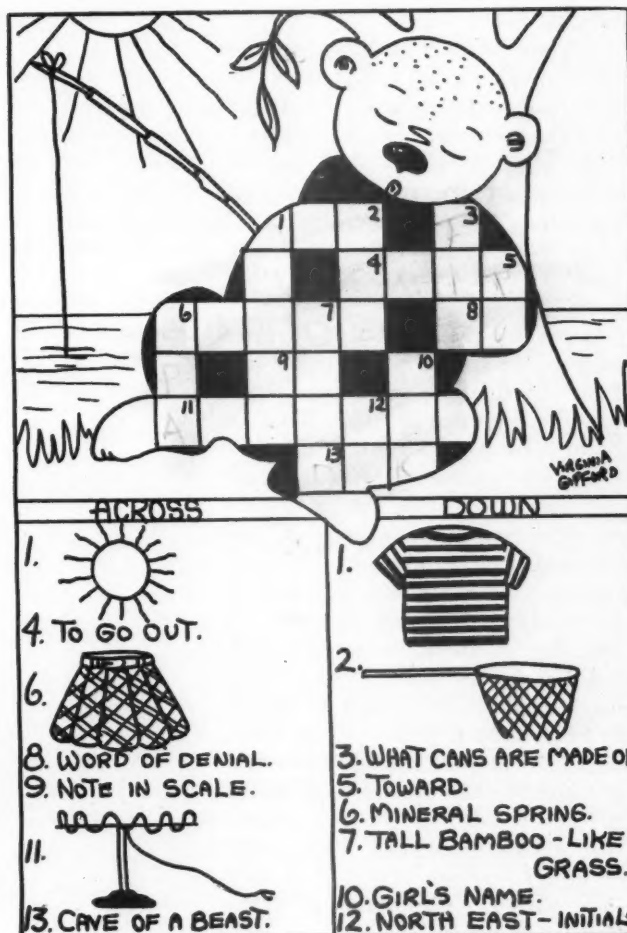
My Dog Lucky

By Marcella Felan

MY story is about a dog named Lucky. She was my dog. She is all black except a white spot at her neck, and is part wolf and part dog. The boys and girls in my room saw Lucky the day we walked to school. She was only a pup when we came to live here. She is now three years old. At night her eyes are a bright green.

She had fun while she was with us. She would follow us to the show and wait outside for us. When we went to the pool she would wait outside for us. When we went bike riding she would go with us. Even when we would go to town she would follow the bus to town and meet us there.

I wrote this story because my dog is not with us anymore. She was reported and they took her away from us. Because she would bark at anyone who came or passed by the house.





"Let's snap this picture quickly!"

The Cats Who Used Strategy

By Joan Merrill

INDIFFERENT to conversation and preoccupied as cats often seem, don't you believe for one minute that this is any more than a pose! They often know just what you're saying.

"I'm worried about the baby, John. She pulls the cat's tail and I can't expect the cat to have infinite patience! Even when Penny's napping the baby yanks at him."

"Well, we can't have that, can we? Suppose we take the cat up to cousin Jim's dairy farm. One cat more in the barn will be welcome, I expect."

"Let's hold off a week or so and decide then."

Heretofore, Penny had scampered whenever approached by her tormentor, unless, of course, she was caught snoozing, which was often the case. What cat likes to wake up to a tug of war?

Now the situation changed. Several times within the week, the cat showed utter determination to edge closer and closer to her infant adversary. Gingerly stepping to the baby's side, he arched his back and delicately rubbed up against her, poised for an immediate scamper. By the end of that test week, Penny got close enough and tolerant enough of the infant foe to allow this picture to be taken. Notice he's not quite relaxed and is looking defensively in the direction of his tail.

We're keeping the cat! Who could part with an animal who'd try so hard to keep peace by such strategic and determined feline politics?

Legacy of Love

By Mary E. Langan

WHEN my mother died suddenly a few months ago, among the bereaved was her black cat, Velvet.

Mother and Velvet had been constant companions. He had kept her company during the hours when the rest of us were out of the house about our daily affairs. "I can talk to him," she had often said, "and not feel as if I were talking to myself." After dinner, when she had sat down to watch television, it had been Velvet's nightly custom to climb into her lap and settle himself snugly for the evening.

For a while after Mother's death Velvet paid me scant attention. I believe his instinct told him that she had gone away on one of the short trips that she occasionally made to visit friends or relatives, and that if he waited a few days, she would come back as she always had.

I myself was too preoccupied with my fresh grief to do more than give Velvet such routine care and attention as he needed. I fed him a balanced diet, kept his bowl filled with fresh water, and let him out into the yard for an airing when he miaowed demandingly at the back door.

Velvet seemed to realize at last that his mistress was gone forever. He adopted a lonely way of life, napping on someone's bed during the day, and spending

his evenings in some hideaway known only to himself.

Mother's possessions had great meaning to me at that time. There was a sad sort of comfort in polishing her wedding silver, wearing her amethyst ring, or sitting in her favorite easy chair.

One night, about a month after Mother's death, I was sitting in her chair, trying to lose myself in a television program. Suddenly something black and furry landed on my lap with a small, querulous miaow. It was Velvet! He kneaded my knee affectionately with his sharp little claws, turned around several times, and stretched out luxuriously upon the soft material of my housecoat.

Since that night it has become Velvet's habit to establish himself firmly in my lap as soon as I sit down of an evening. I watch many a television program which I don't particularly want to see because I wouldn't dream of disturbing him by getting up to change the station.

Velvet and I are a great comfort to each other. To Velvet I am the soft lap and the gentle hand which he had thought lost with his lost mistress. As for me, I have found that my mother left me a warmer, richer legacy than her few pieces of jewelry and her treasured silver forks and spoons. She left me Velvet's love.



Velvet seems to know he's a lovely cat.

"Although shelter work is my especial interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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